THE SECOND CUMMING OF

By

Jarred Hodgdon

jarrhod@gmail.com

www.jarred-hodgdon.com

COLD OPEN

EXT. SKIDMARK'S HOUSE - DAY

SKIDMARK (Mark) (41), backwards cap and baggy clothes, and TORCH (Tommy) (41), bald with sleeve tattoos, sit on the porch stoop, assuming a tough posture for the documentary crew camera.

SKIDMARK
That thing on? Thing is on right?

CAMERA (O.C.)
We're rolling.

SKIDMARK
(rapping)
G-ütine. Skidmark and Torch,
brothers in rhyme, chilling on a porch,
Columbus Ohio is where we reign,
flush fake mutha-fuckas down the drain,
half rap - half rock we knock your sox off,
one look at us and you'll get your rocks off.

Skidmark throws a hand sign to punctuate his rap.

TORCH
That was sick, yo!

SKIDMARK
Nah. It was pretty wack actually. But that's a freestyle, which allows for a different level of acceptable quality.
(to camera)
You'll have to get one of our albums for the truly dank rhymes.

MONTAGE OF SKIDMARK AND TORCH IN A PIZZA SHOP

Torch and Skidmark freestyle in the middle of the store.

SKIDMARK (V.O.)
We put Columbus on the map. Others of our generation faded out while we carried the flame of Nu-Metal, playing our weekly residency at the Shrine of Bowling...

SHOP-OWNER glowers at them.

They buy square slices of pizza.

SKIDMARK (V.O.)
... commanding absolute respect, but totally peerless. People fain as though they don't know us, don't idolize us...

They eat sadly alone at a high-table.

PATRONS look at them and snicker.

SKIDMARK (V.O.)
...Cursed by our own unparalleled impeccability. Who can we trust when we strike fear and adulation into one and all?

STREET SHOT IN SLO-MO: Skidmark and Torch walk hard down a city street. A PASSING CAR of TEENAGERS lean out windows, yelling EXPLETIVES at them — a can of soda is thrown.

END MONTAGE

TORCH
Yeah, like I was just in the Kroger and this lady was like, "aren't you that guy from Limp Bizkit?" And I knew she was fuckin' with me. Like I know that she knows that I'm obviously from G-ütine, so I just fuck with her right back, "Yeah that's me. Limp Bizkit". She didn't even have the nerve to ask for a selfie after that, I totally embarrassed her.

SKIDMARK
Professional jealousy.

TORCH
Haterade. The national beverage of Ohio.

They nod their heads and mug to camera.

END OF COLD OPEN

ACT ONE

INT. SKIDMARK'S HOUSE - DAY

Skidmark opens the door to let the CAMERA crew in.

SKIDMARK
Enter ladies and gents.
(singing)
Welcome to the jungle.

We enter the room through the camera perspective. Like a 90's teenager basement hangout — blacked out windows, Nu-Metal band posters cover the walls, full band setup (drums, guitars...). Torch stands in the background, playing slow MENACING GUITAR notes.

SKIDMARK (CONT'D)
This is the dungeon. Fully restored with the utmost care, every artifact is completely original.

Skidmark proudly hold up a Domino's "The Noid" figurine.

SKIDMARK (CONT'D)
I could sell this on ebay for sure. But we respect history here.

The camera reveals bongs and pipes on the table. Skidmark grabs a bong.

SKIDMARK (CONT'D)
Yeah, this. The artists' muse. Well, really sexy women are my muse. And my wifey Beverly of course. But where's Van Gogh without absinthe? That's where G-ütine is without the constant chiefing of silly lettuce.

Skidmark takes a hit from the bong and COUGHS up smoke.

SKIDMARK (CONT'D)
You'll fuzzy this all up of course?
(re: paraphernalia)
Like the Spice channel.

CAMERA (O.C.)
We can check.

SKIDMARK
You ain't in Hollywood anymore, Toto. The pigs of Ohio still crack skulls for imbibing in Mother Earth.

Skidmark stares at the camera.

SKIDMARK (CONT'D)
Cool...
(gestures to the room)
This is the hit factory. We wrote our first album "Karma Death" in my old basement. When I bought my palace here, we brought the basement upstairs, to the throne room.

TORCH
Not the toilet.

SKIDMARK
No, not the toilet. The throne of a king.

CAMERA (O.C.)
What's in the basement then?

Skidmark and Torch smirk at each other.

INT. SKIDMARK'S HOUSE / BASEMENT - DAY

Skidmarks's parents, TERRY (64) and TERI (66), sit on the couch watching TV. The room is made up like a normie living room except for visible hallmarks of a basement (high windows, HVAC system, cement walls).

TERRY
After his big hit Mark bought this house.

TERI
We had to cosign it because he was so far behind on payday loans.

TERRY
Bad credit...

TERI
He spent all that damn money damn fast.

TERRY
Had to sell our house, take over the mortgage here.

TERI
We bought our home right after we were married.

TERRY
GI Bill loan.

TERI
I had a pretty little garden.

Terry pats his wife's knee and stands up.

TERRY
Gonna check on the taters.

TERI
Mark says he'll buy it back for us when the music group makes it big again.

ANGLE ON : Framed family photo on a side table - a younger Terry and Teri, a scowling teenage Skidmark with bleached hair and two eyebrow rings.

TERI (CONT'D)
There they go again.

MUFFLED NU-METAL MUSIC pounds into the room. Teri turns up the volume on the TV.

TERI (CONT'D)
I never acquired a taste for that music, but I guess young people like it.

Terry ascends the stairs in the background.

INT. SKIDMARK'S HOUSE - DAY

The full band is assembled and ROCKING in the main room:

Torch on guitar, PRESTON (41) on drums, RUSS (41) on bass and GHOULIE (22) on guitar. Skidmark is on the mic, addresses the camera.

SKIDMARK
All are assembled, melting eyeballs and licking brains with our sick ass music.

Skidmark holds up a framed gold record.

SKIDMARK (CONT'D)
Here it is, our entire, complete legacy right here... as of now. Our big hit, Piss Bucket. Get a shot of that.

CAMERA ZOOMS IN to the LP.

CAMERA (O.C.)
That looks spray painted?

SKIDMARK
Yeah, well they don't just give these away. We earned it of course but why pay the Recording Industry of America to paint a fuckin' record when I can just do that shit myself?

TORCH
1999, dude. We were the shit then.

SKIDMARK
We <u>are</u> the shit, after a short sabbatical, G-ütine is goin' full throttle once more. Piss Bucket was recently featured in the big hit game, Goblin Murderer III, and now everyone's gotta hear us again.

TORCH
And we got some sick residgies.

SKIDMARK
We're better than ever. Still playing our weekly residency at the Shrine of Bowling and next summer we're booked on the Dodenakker Fest in Belgium.

TORCH
We're geeked to finally eat authentic Belgium waffle cuisine. Right, Russ?

Russ, a very large guy, PLOMPS away at the bass from his spot on the couch.

SKIDMARK
Yeah, let me introduce you to our band of merry rogues here.
(MORE)

SKIDMARK (CONT'D)
You know Torch already, and this here is Russ.

Skidmark walks over to Russ, still playing the bass.

RUSS
‘Sup.

SKIDMARK
Definitely once the number one imbiber in the group. He’s got the war wounds from a life of excess.

CUT TO:

CUTAWAY - EXT. PARK - DAY

Torch, Skidmark and Russ, in Adidas tracksuits, are “exercising” – briskly walking a path.

RUSS TALKING HEAD

Russ sits in the park on his mobility scooter.

RUSS
I used to be a ladies man believe it or not, very quite handsome. Fell off the stage at one of our gigs, it looked pretty cool actually, played it off well.

INSERT FOOTAGE: Old camcorder footage shows G-ütine playing a club gig, Russ (young and skinny) is rocking near the front of stage – he falls off ungracefully. It doesn’t look cool.

RUSS (CONT’D)
But there was some associated pain involved, got a pretty bad scrip addiction after that, then dabbled in heroin, y’know all the normal stuff. Good news is, got clean but started enjoying food pretty well and here I am. I’m happy but y’know the guys worry about my health and said it would cost extra if I have to get an extra seat on the plane to Europe. So we’re workin’ on it.

SKIDMARK TALKING HEAD

Skidmark addresses camera – Russ, in background, struggles on the parks resistance equipment.

SKIDMARK
Yeah, it might be a bit embarrassing if we have to face a European crowd with Russ seated in a fuckin' chair. A little girth and you look like a tough guy, but...

Skidmark looks back at Russ, sucks air through his teeth.

SKIDMARK (CONT'D)
(to camera)
Been overseas? They're all very fit over there aren't they?

BACK TO SCENE

Skidmark moves along to Ghoulie, who is shredding on her seven string guitar.

SKIDMARK (CONT'D)
And here we have our phenom, the newest addition to the group.

GHOULIE
(in a metal growl)
GHHOOOOUUUUULLLLLIIIIEEEEE.

Skidmark reacts: "Get a load of her!"

SKIDMARK
At first I called her "girlie". She didn't like that. Bit me. That was pretty sexist on my part anyway and Ghoulie sounds cooler and she's pretty scary, so...

<u>SKIDMARK AND TORCH TALKING HEAD</u>

The duo address camera from the porch stoop.

TORCH
Ghoulie was taking lessons from our original lead guitar, Fiendy, may he rest in peace.

Skidmark pours out some of his tall-boy energy drink.

SKIDMARK
Fiendy died tragically, killed in a drunk driving accident.

TORCH
He drove right into a Hardee's drive-thru window.
(MORE)

TORCH (CONT'D)
(emphatic)
Don’t drink and drive, y’all.

SKIDMARK
We just, like call Über now if we’ve had beverages.

TORCH
And I’m an Uber driver so I’ll usually get the call.

SKIDMARK
Keeps the money in the organization.

TORCH
I’m one of those drivers that’s a bit better after I’ve had a few. Plus cops don’t really pull over Uber drivers. They see that sticker and think: “respect to the working man.”

SKIDMARK
Fiendy, wherever you are.

Skidmark throws a hip-hop peace sign.

TORCH
I think Ghoulie might be a bit better than him on the axe actually. Like, an upgrade.

SKIDMARK
It’s a plus. She pulls in the younger audience too. Makes us more relatable.

CUT TO:

GHOULIE TALKING HEAD

Ghoulie, on the porch, stares off into space.

After a long silence:

GHOULIE
It’s nice to be in a band... If I didn’t have an... outlet... I’d probably do crime or terrorism.

BACK TO SCENE

Skidmark moves to the drum set to introduce Preston.

SKIDMARK
Saved the best for last, this guy's my favorite!

Skidmark bro high-fives a hesitant Preston.

SKIDMARK (CONT'D)
Show them what you can do, Preston!

Preston DRUMS into the set — a fast, skilled bebop rhythm.

SKIDMARK (CONT'D)
(dissapointed)
Oh, that's great. Sounds like jazz though.
(halting Preston)
That's good, bro, that's good. They can see.

Preston stops.

SKIDMARK (CONT'D)
This guy right here. He's rad. Always wears a mask at shows, has the sickest costume. He's a total freak!

Skidmark jovially throws his arm around Preston.

CUT TO:

<u>PRESTON TALKING HEAD</u>

Preston sits on the porch, serious and pensive.

PRESTON
I was embarrassed. That's where the mask and costume came in. This was never my favorite style of music. I mean, after our initial run slowed down I went back to school and took jazz drumming really seriously. So if anyone sees this and has a seat... like, I love Esperanza Spalding, Brad Mehldau... I'm open to opportunities.

Preston's eyes plead to the camera.

CAMERA (O.C.)
What's it like working with Skidmark and Torch.

PRESTON
Great. I mean, it paid for my house, feeds my family.
(thinks)
They asked me to be in the band in high school, but we were, like never tight before that. Different crowds. Being one of a few black kids, you experience all kinds of racism. There's the classic flavor and then there's this other kind. People who have this idea of you, think you're cool and they, like want to capture the cool shit they think you got. Like, black identity vampires. It's almost worse to be honest.

SKIDMARK AND TORCH TALKING HEAD

TORCH
Solid, solid, dude.

SKIDMARK
One of our longest and best, we're family at this point.

TORCH
I love him.

EXT. SKIDMARK'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Skidmark leads the camera into the backyard.

SKIDMARK
Sick, this is like the Cribs episode we never got around to being invited on.

With a showman's flair.

SKIDMARK (CONT'D)
Gentleman, this is what a mans work is all about!

A cement yard, dead grass, pots with no plants...

SKIDMARK (CONT'D)
Back there you'll see what every Ohio family dreams of, an above ground pool. But check this out...

Skidmark leads the camera over to:

SKIDMARK (CONT'D)
... an in-ground pool table!

He picks up a golf club.

SKIDMARK (CONT'D)
I dug a hole and buried it myself. What's the main problem with pool? People in the way right? Like, you can't even shoot properly.

He hits the cue ball with the golf club and <u>scratches</u>.

SKIDMARK (CONT'D)
Patent pending.

Skidmark leads the camera over to the hot tub.

SKIDMARK (CONT'D)
Ah, you'll like this. Torch, the wives and I spend many a summer night back here. Barbecue, a few adult beverages.
(clicks tongue)
Things go down. The ladies will sometimes even make out, right there, tops off and everything. They just go at it. Rock star lifestyle.

<u>BEVERLY AND SHEILA TALKING HEAD</u>

BEVERLY (39) and SHEILA (38) sit on the edge of the bed in Beverly and Skidmark's bedroom. Their FOUR YOUNG (4-6) DAUGHTERS jump on the bed and run around playing. Beverly has her hand on Sheila's knee.

BEVERLY
Being married to dudes in a band is... interesting.

SHEILA
It's like we always have a reminder, or connection, to our youth.

BEVERLY
We actually met at a G-ütine show!

SHEILA
And met the boys the same night.

BEVERLY
We've been the closest besties ever since.

SHEILA
We got married together, had our kids at the same time. We do everything together.

BEVERLY
It's like the perfect arrangement.

SHEILA
Just two sexy, young, wild women that weaved our lives together.

BEVERLY
And we'll always support each other.

SHEILA
And our family.

BEVERLY
I'm a pharmacist now.

SHEILA
And I'm a veterinarian.

BEVERLY
(to Sheila)
Oh my god, we've become such boring adults.

They share an affectionate glance.

SHEILA
No matter what life has in store we'll always be together.

BEVERLY
Even if like, marriage doesn't last forever, I know I'll always have Sheila.

SHEILA
Like a backup plan.

BEVERLY
Like a plan.

The women clasp hands. The kids SQUEAL DELIGHTFULLY in play.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. SHRINE OF BOWLING (PNS BWL)- DAY

Torch and Skidmark approach GUS (68), a disheveled, merry fellow at the shoe rental station. The sounds of BALLS SLAPPING PINS in the background.

Skidmark slaps Gus' hand from across the counter.

SKIDMARK
What up, Gus, you salty sailor?

GUS
(through devilish grin)
Gentleman! My two honorary sons...

Gus tussles Torch and Skidmark's hair — they don't like it.

GUS (CONT'D)
(to camera)
...I discovered these guys. They belong to the world now. This old man couldn't be prouder.

Gus turns to pull three Miller High Life tall boys from a mini-fridge.

SKIDMARK
Gus was one of our earliest supporters, we played here every week before getting signed and going on the road.

Gus hands the beers around - the three CRACK them open.

TORCH
Our biggest fuckin' fan right here.

SKIDMARK
Thursday nights are the permanent G-ütine residency here at the Shrine of Bowling.

GUS
The world may be changing under our feet boys, but this stage will always be here for you.

The three look at each other and pensively SIGH.

CUT TO:

MEL TALKING HEAD

MEL(28), short cropped hair with a long strand of died green tips, large dramatic eyeglasses, faces camera. BOWLERS bowl behind her.

MEL
I'm Mel Polaski, part owner, of Pins Bowl. My mother was awarded the business in a suit over a decade of unpaid child support. She put me in charge as General Manager and I've tasked myself to lead us into the 21st Century.

INSERT SHOTS:

GEN-Z and CENTENNIALS work on laptops in the alley bleachers.

A tattooed BARISTA pulls espresso in the cafe area where the beer bar once stood.

The SHOE ATTENDANT points to a sign with a QR code, explaining something to a CONFUSED CUSTOMER.

MEL (CONT'D)
The old bowling leagues, our more senior clientele, they are aging out of the market and I've created initiatives to bring in new revenue producers.

INSERT SHOT:

An OLD GUY tries to input his score but the lane monitor flashes: "Download our app!". He grimaces.

MEL (CONT'D) (CONT'D)
Coding workshops, meetups of the next generation of leaders... I'm showing the world that even a relic of a bygone era, like the town bowling alley, can be an incubator for the future.
(smiling)
We like to say: Strike your destiny!

To punctuate her point, Mel picks up a bowling ball, approaches the line and releases towards the pins... the ball rolls ten feet and THUDS into the gutter.

She returns.

MEL (CONT'D)
(to camera.)
We can take that part again, right?

JUMP CUT

CAMERA (O.C.)
How does G-ütine fit in with the plan?

MEL
Well. In the settlement with Gus we were required to retain certain legacy programming initiatives, like Nu-Metal Thursdays and the G-ütine residency. But "Pins Bowl" will manage that. Nothing in the contract prevents me from running an exciting, innovative, concurrent event.

Mel smirks slyly.

EXT. SHRINE OF BOWLING (PNS BWL) -DAY

Skidmark and Torch walk up to the entrance of the bowling alley. Skidmark indicates to the sign above the entrance: "pns bwl".

SKIDMARK
(incredulously)
You see this?

TORCH
Terrible.

SKIDMARK
She's changed the name of the Shrine of Bowling. Changed the name to P,N,S Bewel?!

TORCH
Like, she decimated a shrine.

SKIDMARK
Right? It's akin to defacing a place of worship.

TORCH
She thinks she can just make it all lower case, remove the vowels from words to make it cooler or something.

SKIDMARK
Americans use vowels. This isn't fuckin' Wales!

TORCH
Fuckin' hipster, man.

SKIDMARK
What if I choose to read it like "penis bowel"?

TORCH
(smirking)
That's cool actually.

SKIDMARK
Yeah. Tell everyone we got a weekly gig at "Penis Bowel".

TORCH
That rules.

SKIDMARK
We're gonna put that on the flyer.

Torch and Skidmark fist-bump.

EXT. SKIDMARK'S BACKYARD - NIGHT

Skidmark mans the grill. The crew hangs out — Torch, Ghoulie, Russ, Beverly, Sheila and all the kids.

SKIDMARK
(to camera)
Just had our practice, sharp for our gig tomorrow. This is like a ritual for us. The band, family shindig. Preston had to run off, but the rest of us are here.

A child eagerly awaits food from the grill.

SKIDMARK (CONT'D)
(to child)
Hungry baby?

She nods her head yes.

SKIDMARK (CONT'D)
Proud of your daddy?

She doesn't respond. Skidmark tussles her hair. She runs away.

SKIDMARK (CONT'D)
Shy girl.

Skidmark puts a hotdog on a bed of lettuce.

He walks the plate over to Russ, chilling on his scooter.

SKIDMARK (CONT'D)
Fresh from the grill. Complements to the chef.

Russ takes the plate.

RUSS
(disappointed)
C'mon, dude.

SKIDMARK
Ya got vegetable, protein. That's a good plate.

RUSS
Can I get some Ruffles?

SKIDMARK
Eh, I caught Ghoulie with her hand in the bag after just eating raw hamburger meat.

ON GHOULIE

Ghoulie eats from the bag of chips, meat filth on her face.

GHOULIE
I don't eat cooked food. It steals the essence.

MONTAGE OVER YOUNG THUG SONG — "FAMILY DON'T MATTER"

"Sayin', abracadabra. Abracadabra, kill all you bastards..."

Skidmark plays in-ground pool with the kids.

"...Turn up on you bastards. I'm in a Ghost like Casper..."

Gus arrives to FANFARE with a case of Natty Ice.

"...Albums platinum and up, I'm killin' these bastards..."

Russ scoots by the grill, steals a hamburger and buns.

“Like family don't matter.”

Ghoulie chases a SCREAMING CHILD with a hammer.

“What's poppin', what's the deal?”

Sheila and Beverly swing in a hammock together.

“What's poppin', what's the deal?”

Skidmark RAPS to an entertained group. Torch mimes guitar on a pool cleaner.

“What's poppin', what's the deal?”

Gus rips off his shirt, dives from the ladder into the pool.

EXT. SKIDMARK’S BACKYARD - LATER

Skidmark and Torch share a beer and a blunt, passing both back and forth.

CAMERA (O.C.)
What’s next for G-ütine after tomorrow?

SKIDMARK
Next? Dude, you’re lucky.
(indicates to crew)
Y’all are chronicling some major shit.

TORCH
Big plans.

SKIDMARK
More gigs at the Shrine, rebuild the audience. Take on Europe, and then...

Skidmark stares off dreamily.

TORCH
We go large.

SKIDMARK
After our second album flopped, we lost the label, lost it all.

TORCH
People fuckin’ counted us out.

SKIDMARK
It was 9/11 that changed it all.

TORCH
Fuckin' 9/11.

SKIDMARK
People lost their shit, didn't want good music after that.

TORCH
Dude, remember? Music went to total ass after that.

SKIDMARK
The terrorists can take out a few freedoms, but they can't kill, fuckin' heavy ass music with sick rhymes on top.

TORCH
And I do the rock parts.

SKIDMARK
Yeah, Torch, you're like the sickest screamer in rock and roll.

TORCH
Thanks, man. We're coming back. We owe it to the victims and survivors.

SKIDMARK
Fuck, yeah. G-ütine for life.

The two cheers — blunt to beer.

SKIDMARK (CONT'D)
And we're dropping our third album.

TORCH
Breaking news.

SKIDMARK
Dropping the third, long awaited album, "The Second Cumming of G-ütine".

TORCH
Fuckin' sick, brother. Heard it here first folks.

SKIDMARK
And we're premiering the new, soon to be hit single at the lanes tomorrow night. You're in for a treat.

Torch looks over his shoulder.

TORCH
Sick, look at this.

CAMERA ANGLES ON HOT TUB

Beverly and Sheila are making out in the hot tub. Gus soaks awkwardly nearby.

SKIDMARK
Looks like the party is about to start and we just got our invitation.

TORCH
Nice.

SKIDMARK
Kids are in bed, white wine's in the wifey's.

TORCH
And I'm getting wet already.

Skidmark grimaces at the joke.

SKIDMARK
(to camera)
Well fellas, it's been fun. Cameras off now unless you want to see our dicks.

CUT TO BLACK

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. PNS BWL - DAY

Skidmark, Torch and Gus briskly stroll up to the lanes. BOWLERS bowl, PINS CRASH in the background.

GUS
We'll be all set for you boys as usual. You can start loading in here, lanes seven through nine are clear for you.

SKIDMARK
Seven through nine?!

GUS
Yeah, seven through nine, all clear. Just load in here...
(pointing)
To there.

SKIDMARK
Seven through eleven are our lanes.

TORCH
Yeah, seven to eleven, Gus.

SKIDMARK
We always joke, "Oh thank heaven, seven to eleven."

GUS
It's just seven through nine now. It's gotta be seven through nine.

SKIDMARK
Gus, you're fuckin' us, man.

GUS
Look, boys, I argued it. It's Mel.

TORCH
Fuckin', Mel.

SKIDMARK
But we need our space. To spread out, look big. I need my room to work the stage. You know I need to work the stage, Gus.

TORCH
Gus. Dude.

GUS
I'm sorry. It's gotta be seven to nine. Mel has this whole new thing she wants to try.

SKIDMARK
New thing?

GUS
Don't worry about it. Just some new, nerd thing. It's nothing.

SKIDMARK
But Thursdays are our night.

GUS
It's your night boys, don't worry.

TORCH
This is all fucked up.

GUS
You guys will look great all packed together.

SKIDMARK
What new <u>fuckin'</u> thing?!

<u>INT. PNS BWL - LATER</u>

Mel stands next to BEN (35), a polo and khaki guy. She holds a tech helmet that features a visor and headphones.

MEL
(to camera)
We're excited to be partnering with an innovative, local startup, Nu-Vizion, to beta test a fully immersive, augmented reality, bowling experience. Explain the technical specs to them, Ben. Drop your science!

Ben excitedly grabs the helmet and shows it off to camera.

BEN
The Nu-Vizion, Nu-View provides a fully immersive, augmented reality experience to the user! Simply put on the helmet...

He puts on the helmet.

BEN (CONT'D)
...and you're immersed in a whole new, augmented reality!

MEL
Can we show them?

BEN
Let's do it!

Mel and Ben lead the camera over to the lanes.

Ben looks into the camera lens.

BEN (CONT'D)
Hi there. Mind if I do this?

Ben holds the helmet over the camera lens.

<u>Everything goes black momentarily, then: Where the pins were now stand rows of silly cartoon characters. Neon arrows slide towards the targets. SILLY MUSIC blasts inside the headpiece.</u>

BEN (CONT'D)
(yelling)
We've programmed the pins to map with the software. You can really bowl, but in an augmented dreamscape! And if I stand here right in front of you like this, you can't even see me!

Ben pulls off the headset, he stands right in front of camera. Everything has returned to normal.

BEN (CONT'D)
Really cool, right?

MEL
Really cool.

The two gleefully smile at one another.

CAMERA (O.C.)
What about the G-ütine show?

MEL
Oh they can still do their thing. Over there on lanes seven through nine.
(emphatic to camera)
But every, Thursday. Nu-View bowling, exclusively at Pins Bowl!

EXT. PNS BWL - LATER

Preston, Ghoulie, Russ (on scooter), and Skidmark wait. Torch pulls up in his van.

Skidmark walks to the back and opens it up, band gear inside.

SKIDMARK
The load in. No roadies for us like the old days, strictly DIY now.

Preston, Ghoulie and Torch are pulling out gear. Skidmark notices Preston with the kick drum.

SKIDMARK (CONT'D)
Let me help you with that, yo.

Skidmark takes the drum from Preston.

Preston throws an annoyed glare at the camera.

INT. PNS BWL - LATER

Skidmark leads the camera over to the bleacher seats behind the lanes.

SKIDMARK
(to camera)
I'll introduce you to some of our most loyal fans. This is what it's all about.

There's a small group of ASSORTED WEIRDOS, friends and old school Nu-Metal heads.

SKIDMARK (CONT'D)
S'up y'all.

We hear a SMALL SPATTERING of "hey's", "s'ups" and "yo's".

SKIDMARK (CONT'D)
Everyone ready to rock?

Unenthusiastic head nods.

SKIDMARK (CONT'D)
Cool, we got something special tonight. We're gonna play a brand new song!

BALD FAN
Right, on dude.

LISPING FAN
They don't sell beer here anymore, Skidsy?

Skidmark, clearly disappointed by the lackluster reception.

SKIDMARK
Nah, just expresso now.

GOTH FAN
This sucks.

JORTS WITH WALLET CHAIN FAN
Yo, your setup looks smaller tonight.

SKIDMARK
Um, we wanted a more intimate stage.

Skidmark throws a knowing look at the camera.

SKIDMARK (CONT'D)
Just sit tight, y'all. We're going up soon. Thanks for coming out!

PRELAP: SOUNDS of TURNTABLE SCRATCHING.

INT. PNS BWL - LATER

Skidmark scratches on the one and twos, clutches his mic. The full band, G-ütine, is set up around him near the pins on lanes seven through nine. Russ sits in a chair.

SKIDMARK
S'up, s'up , s'up y'all. Y'all ready for this shit?!

A small spattering of APPLAUSE from FANS and AWAITING BOWLERS.

SKIDMARK (CONT'D)
It's Thursday night Nu-Metal like it's always been here at the Shrine. That's Shrine, not "penis bowel" or whatever the fuck. G-ütine here as always. We're gonna start you right off with a track from our second album called, "Melancholy of Demise"...Go!

G-ütine RIPS into music: POUNDING DRUMS, THUDDING BASS, SHREDDING GUITAR. Skidmark headbangs.

SKIDMARK (CONT'D)
(rapping)
By design, my demise, your thighs.
Reflected in my eyes...

ON BEN AND MEL

Ben and Mel sit in the bleachers at an ops board. MUSIC continues in background.

BEN
System is up, running and ready.

MEL
Good, so you cleared lanes seven through nine so we won't have programming overlap?

BEN
That's why I had to reboot. A quick change up of the code to blackout that zone. No biggie.

MEL
So you reboot and it's back to the original code?

BEN
Yup.

MEL
Great. We'll get it up and started right after this song.

BEN
Y'know. I used to be a big fan of these guys. This is kinda cool that they play here.

MEL
(judging)
Really.

ON G-UTINE

The band is ROCKING.

SKIDMARK
Bubonic plague, lock you away like the hague, a renegade.
Your sex is a grenade.

Torch steps up to his mic.

TORCH
(singy/ screamy part)
The melancholy of my demise.
The genesis was in your lies.
The sparrow cries, the sparrow cries.
You can't reach the burning skIEES.

Mel sidles up near the band expectantly.

The band ROCKS OUT, headbanging and finishing the song.

Mel smiles and bobs her head and pretends to enjoy it as the song ends.

SKIDMARK
Fuck yeah! How ya like that shit?!

Mel intervenes and grabs the mic from Skidmark – he recoils with surprise.

MEL
Thank you! Welcome to Pins Bowl everyone. We are excited to roll out our partnership tonight with...

SKIDMARK (CONT'D)
(in background)
You don't just take an MC's mic.

Skidmark looks to his crew incredulously.

MEL (CONT'D)
... Nu-Vizion to unveil the new Nu-View augmented reality bowling experience! If you've signed the NDA and release form you can grab a gear set from Ben right over there.

Ben waves from the ops area. GAMERS are lined up.

MEL (CONT'D)
We'll be doing this every Thursday so tell all your friends. And have fun!

The mic SQUELCHES as Mel returns it to the mic stand.

Ben hands out headsets to players.

Skidmark takes the mic and shakes his head incredulously.

SKIDMARK
(to his group of fans)
Right on.
(MORE)

SKIDMARK (CONT'D)
Just feel free to move right in here if you've come that real shit.

The small group of G-ütine fans walk in to the lane up to the stage area.

SKIDMARK (CONT'D)
Fuck you, Gus.

Gus mouths "sorry" from the bleachers.

SKIDMARK (CONT'D)
Maybe we have some new fans here tonight? Maybe you heard us in the videogame, Goblin Murderer III? That's a <u>real</u> game that you can buy in stores and play at home.

The crowd is quiet.

Bowlers in Nu-View headsets step up to start their augmented bowling experience.

SKIDMARK (CONT'D)
Alright, back to it. This next song is about holding your best friend, dead in your arms. If you've ever had to bury your favorite pet you'll know what I'm talking about. Go!

BANG! The band jumps right into the song: "There he lay, Rufus".

An augmenter bowler steps to the line and released — STRIKE! The bowler WOOPS with delight.

Ghoulie SHREDS but looks out judgmentally towards bowlers.

INSERT: <u>WE SEE through Nu-View view a cartoon set of pins dancing along with the ANNOYING INTERNAL SET MUSIC.</u>

ON TORCH AND SKIDMARK during an INSTRUMENTAL PART of the song.

TORCH
(to Skidmark)
This sucks, we're losing the crowd.

SKIDMARK
(to Torch)
It's like they can't even see or hear us.

ON BEN AND MEL

Ben monitors code on his laptop.

MEL
You've been at this all day. Why don't you grab a kale salad or vegan quiche from the food bar. On me.

BEN
Sure. Want anything?

MEL
No thanks. It's my fasting cleanse week.

Ben walks away.

Two G-UTINE FANS walk up.

OVERBITE AND BANGS
Yo, can we try this shit too?

MEL
(delighted)
Why, of course.

Mel hands the two Nu-View headsets.

Mel looks mischievous. She looks over her shoulder.

Mel takes to the laptop and force quits the Nu-Vizion software.

Bowlers react as their sets go dark.

TALL BOWLER
I can't see anything!

As G-ütine continues to ROCK OUT a SHORT BOWLER reacts to the Nu-Metal music she can now hear.

SHORT BOWLER
Oh my god, that music. It sucks so aggressively!

Mel clicks open the software, furiously types and reboots the program.

MEL
Just a sec!

CLICK and WHIR.

The indicator lights on bowler's headsets hum to life.

Mel looks at the laptop.

On a program screen we can see an visualization of the lanes: seven through nine have green lights to indicate they are live in the program.

Mel smirks.

Bowlers take their balls in hand to resume the game.

G-ütine obliviously continue ROCKING OUT.

A bowler approaches the line to lane seven and releases a ball.

G-ütine doesn't even notice but the ball careens into Russ' chair, HE FALLS and lands on the floor, the BASS PLONGS.

Torch and Skidmark react.

SKIDMARK
What the fuck!

The remaining G-ütine fans get off the lanes as augmented bowlers approach the lines to roll.

Torch notices.

TORCH
Oh shit!

G-ütine still PLAYS as three bowlers hurl balls towards the band.

Skidmark gets hit in the foot - Y'OUCH!

A ball rolls right into the kick drum — Preston leaps from the kit.

Gus runs out to pull a bowler back.

Mel stifles a LAUGH from the ops station.

The band stops playing except for Ghoulie who SHRED, walks right up to an augmented bowler and SCREAMS in their face.

TORCH (CONT'D)
Didn't even play our new song.

Skidmark drops his mic.

END OF ACT THREE

TAG

INT. SKIDMARK'S HOUSE - DAY

Skidmark and Torch, on the porch stoop, address the camera.

SKIDMARK
Nu-Metal ain't going anywhere.

TORCH
In a way, it's like it's always been with us.

SKIDMARK
Well, not really. Mozart's head would explode if he heard sick shit like what we bring.

TORCH
Yeah, but... I just mean like the spirit.

SKIDMARK
It's not analogous, dude. That's not what I was trying to get at.

Frustrated, Skidmark does a "cut" sign to the camera and resets himself.

SKIDMARK (CONT'D)
Nu-metal ain't going anywhere.

Torch glances at Skidmark and awkwardly shakes his head in agreement.

SKIDMARK (CONT'D)
From Columbus, Ohio, to Belgium Europe... from 1996 to present day, G-ütine will roar through the annals of history. The collision and dance of the two greatest genres of music man has ever created: hard rock and rap. You can't beat it, man. It will never get old, it's new. Right there in the name, man. New metal... New.

TORCH
Dude, that's sick.

SKIDMARK
New.

Skidmark and Torch look pensive and serious. A perfect fade to black moment.

Behind them the screen door opens and Terry sticks his head out.

TERRY
I'm putting some Bagel Bites in. You kids want some Bagel Bites?

SKIDMARK
(annoyed)
No thanks, Dad.

TORCH
(to Terry)
Thanks. Yeah, I could go for a few bites.

TURNTABLE SCRATCHING

END OF SHOW